

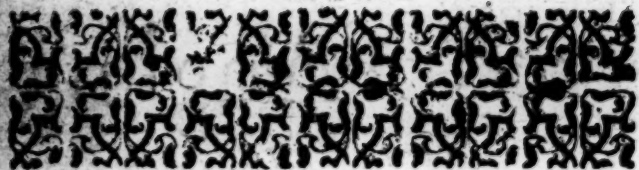
THE Secrets of Angling:

TEACHING,

The choifest Toolcs Baytes and seasons, for the taking of
any Fish, in Pond or Riuer: practised and familiarly
opened in three Bookes. By I. D. Esquire.

Augmented with many approoued experiments. By W. Lawson.





In due praise of his Praise-worthy
Skill and Worke.

IN *Skills* that *all* doe seeke, but *few* doe finde,
Both *gaine* and *game*; (like *Sunne* and *Mooone* do
Then th' *Art* of *Fishing* thus, is of that kinde; (thine
The *Angler* taketh both with *Hook* and *Line*,
And as with *Lines*, both these he takes; this takes
With many a *Line*, well made, both *Eare* and *Harts*
And, by this *skill*, the skill-lesse skill-full makes:
The *Corpes* whereof dissected so he parts,
Vpon an humble *Subject* neuer lay
More proude, yet plainer *Lines*, the *plaine* to leade,
This plainer *Art* with *pleasure* to suruay,
To purchase it with *profit*, by that *D E E D*:
Who thinke this *skill*'s too low than for the *high*,
This *Angler* read, and they'l be *saine* thereby.

Io. Davis.



TO THE VVORTHY.
AND MY MVCH RESPEC-
TED FRIEND, Mr. IOHN
HARBORNE of Tackley, in the
Countie of Oxford, Esquire.



Orthy Sir, this Poeme being sent un-
to me to be printed after the death of
the Author, who intended to haue
done it in his life, but was prevented
by death: I could not among my good friends, ha-
thinke me of any one to whom I might more fitly
dedicate it (as well for the nature of the subject
in which you delight as to expresse my loue) than
to your selfe, I finde it not onely sauouring of Art
and honesty, two things now strangers vnto ma-
ny Authors, but also both pleasant and profitable;
& being leaue to see a thing of such value lye hid-
den in obscuritie, whilst matters of no moments
pester the Stalls of euery Stationer; I therefore
make bould to publish it, for the benefit & delight
of all, trusting that I shall neither thereby dispa-

The Epistle.

neither like the Author, nor dislike them. I need not, I
thinke, Appologize either the use of the subject,
or for that it is reduced into the nature of a Poeme
for touching the last (in that it is in verse) some
count it by so much the more delightful; and I
hold it every way as fit a subject for Poetry as
Husbandry: and touching the first, if Hunting
and Hawking haue become thought worthy delights
and Arts to be instructed in, I make no doubt but
this Art of Angling is much more worthy pra-
ise and approbation, for it is a sport every way
as pleasant, lesse chargeable, more profitable, and
nothing so much subject to choller or impatience
as those are: you shall finde it more briefly, plea-
santly, and more exactly performed, then any of
this kinde heretofore. I therefore I referre you to
the perusing thereof; and my selfe to your good
opinion, which I tender as that I hold most deare;
euer remaining at.

your gentle Command.

R. I.



To the Reader.

IT may seeme in the presumption to adde this little Marginall Comment to the Worke of so worthy an Author. But Mr. *Jackson*, the Printers request and vertuous desire, to giue his Countrie satisfaction, must be satisfied, and in it my selfe rest excused. What mine obseruations are, I referre to censure, assuredly, the truth stands on so well grounded experience, that but my haste, nothing can doe them iniurie. VVhat to me is donbtfull, I haue as I can explained; what wants, in my iudgement, I haue supplied as the time would suffer: what I passe by I approue. The Author by his Verse hath expressed much learning, and by his Answer to the Obiection, shewes himselfe to haue bene vertuous. The subiect it selfe is honest, and pleasant, and sometimes profitable. Vse it and giue God all glorie. *Amen.*

The Contents.

The first Booke containeth these heads.

- 1 **T**He antiquitie of Angling, with the Art of Fishing, and of Fish in generall.
- 2 The lawfulnessse, pleasure, and profits thereof, with all Obiections, answered, against it.
- 3 To know the season, and times to provide the Tooles, and how to choose the best, and the manner how to make them fit to take each severall Fish.

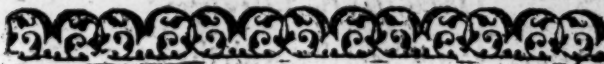
The second Booke, containeth

- 1 **T**He Anglers experience, how to use his Tooles and Baytes, to make profit by his game.
- 2 What Fish is not taken with Angle, and what is: and which is best for health.
- 3 In what Waters and Rivers to find each Fish.

The third Booke containeth,


- 1 **T**He 12. vertues and qualities which ought to be in euery Angler.
 - 2 What weather, seasons, and times of the yeere is best and worst, and what houres of the day is best for sport.
 - 3 To know each Fishes haunt, and the times to take them.
- A**lso, an obscure secret, of an approoued Baite, tending thereto.

The



THE SECRETS of Angling.

The first Booke.

F *Angling*, and the Art thereof I sing,
What kinde of Tooles
It doth behoue to haue; (may bring
And with what pleasing bayt a man
The fish to bite within the warry
A worke of thanks to such as in a thing (waue.
Of harmelesse pleasure, haue regard to laue
Their dearest soules from sinne; and may intend
Of precious time, some part thereon to spend.

You *Nymphs* that in the Springs and waters sweet,
Your dwelling haue, of euery Hill and Dale,
And oft amidst the Medowes Greene doe meet,
To sport and play, and heare the *Nightingale*;
And in the Riuers fresh doe wash your feete,
While *Progne*s sister tels her wofull tale:
Such ayde and power vnto my verses lend,
As may suffice this little worke to end.

And

The first Booke.

** The name of a Brooke.*
And thou sweet * *Boyd* that with thy watry sway,
Dost wash the cliffes of *Deington* and of *Wecke*;
And through their Rockes with crooked winding
Thy mother *Anon* runnest soft to seeke: (way,
In whose fayre streames the speckled *Trout* doth
The *Roch*, the *Dace*, the *Gudgin*, & the *Bleeke*. (play,
Teach me the skill with slender Line and Hooke
To take each Fish of Riuer, Pond, and Brooke.

The time for providing Angle Rords.

First, when the Sunne beginneth to decline
Southward his course, with his fayre Chariot
And passed hath of Heauen the midle Line, (bright
That makes of equall length both day and night;
And left behind his backe the dreadfull signe,
Of cruell *Centaur*, slaine in drunken fight, (song,
When Beasts do mourne, and Birds forsake their
And euery Creature thinkes the night too long.

And blustering *Boreas* with his chilling cold,
Vnclothed hath the Trees of Sommers greene;
And Woods, and groues, are naked to behold,
Of Leaues and Branches now dispoyled cleane:
So that their fruitfull stockes they doe vnfold,
And lay abroad their off-spring to be seene; (kind
Where nature shewes her great increase of
To such as seeke their tender shutes to finde.

Then

of the secrets of Angling.

Then goe into some great *Arcadian* wood,
Where store of ancient *Hazels* doe abound;
And seek amongst their springs and tender brood,
Such sheutes as are the straightest, long and round:
And of them all (store vp what you thinke good)
But fairest choose, the smootheest, and most sound;
So that they doe not two yeares growth exceed,
In shape and beautie like the *Belgicke* Reed.

These prune and clense of euery leafe and spray,
Yet leaue the tender top remaining still;
Then home with thee goe beare them safe away.
But perish not the rine and vtter pill; (*)
And on some euen boarded floore them lay; (1)
Where they may dry and season at their fill:
And place vpon their crooked parts some waight,
To presse them downe, & keepe them plaine and
(straight.

(*) Beat them a litle, except the top, all in a Furnace,
they will be lighter and not top heauie: which is a
great fault in a rod.

(1) Tie them together at euery bough, and they will
one keepe another straight. I they should be single.

So shalt thou haue alwayes in store the best;
And fittest rods to serue thy turne aright;
For not the brittle *Cane*, nor all the rest,
I like so well, though it be long and light.

Since

The first Booke

Since that the Fish are frightened with the least
Aspect of any glittering thing, or white; (2)

Not doth it by one halfe so well incline,
As doth the plyant rod to saue the line, (3)

(2) *White or gray are lik'st the skie, and therefore of
all other colours offend the least.*

(3) *Besides, the fish discernes it, and are put away
with the stiffness of the rod: whereas on the contrary, the
weaker rod yeelds libertie to the fish, without suspicion, so
runne away with the baite at his pleasure.*

To make the Line.

THen get good hayre, so that it be not blacke,
Neither of Mare nor Gelding let it be,
Nor of the tyreling Iade that beares the packe:
But of some lusty Horse or courser free,
Whose bushie tayle vpon the ground doth tracke,
Like blazing Comet that sometimes we see:
From out the midst thereof the longest take,
At leasure best your Linkes and Lines to make.

Then twist them finely, as you thinke most meete,
By skill or practise easie to be found;
As doth *Arachne* with her slender feet (4)
Draw forth her little thread along the ground;
But not too hard or slacke, the meane is sweet,

of the secretes of Angling.

Least slacke they snarle, or hard they proue vn-

And intermixt with siluer, silke, or gold, (sound

The tender hayres, the better so to hold. (5)

(4) Knit the hayres you meane to put in one Linke, at the rods end, and deuide them as equally as you can, put your three lowest fingers betwixt, and twine the knot and your linke shall be equally twist, if you wet your haire it will twine better A nimble hand, a weeke & light rod, that may be easily guided with one hand need but foure or five haire at the most, for the greatest River Fish, though a Salmon or Luce, so you haue length enough, and except the Luce and Salmon three will suffice

(5) Intermixing with siluer or gold, is not good: because

First the thred and hayre are not so equall reach.

Secondly, the colours differing from the hayres, will affright the Fish.

Thurdly, they will not bed and twist with the hayres.

Then end to end, as falleth to their lot,

Let all your Linkes in order as they lie

Be knit together, with that Fishers knot

That will not slip, or with the wet vntie:

And at the lowest end forget it not

To leaue a Bout or compasse like an eye,

The Linke that holds your Hooke to hang vpon,

When you thinke good to take it off and on.

(6) An upper end also, to put it too and free the rod.

Which

The first Booke.

Which Linke must neither be so great nor strong,
Nor like of colour as the others were; (7)
Scant halfe so big, so that it be as long:
Of grayest Hue, and of the soundest Hayre,
Least while it hangs the liquid waues among
The sight thereof the warie Fish should feare.
And at one end a Loope or Compasse fine,
To fastento the other of your Line.

(7) *The same colour: (to wit graie like the Skie.)
the like bignes and strength, is good for all the Line, and
every Linke thereof, weight is hurtfull, so unequall
strength causeth the weakest to breake.*

Corke.

THen take good Corke, so much as shall suffice,
For euery Line to make his swimmer fit; (8)
And where the midst and thickest parts doe rise,
There burne a round small hole quite thorow it;
And put therein a Quill of equall size;
But take good heed the Corke you doe not slit:
Then round or square with Razor pare it neare,
Pyramid-wise, or like a slender Peare.

(8) *I utterly dislike your Southern Corkes. First, for
they affright the fish, in the bite and sight, and because
they follow not so kindly, the nimble rod and hand.*

Secondly, they breed weight to the Line which puts it

of the secretes of Angling.

in danger, and hinders the nimble Jerke of the rod, and loads the arme.

A good eye and hand may easily discern the bite.

The smaller end doth serue to sinke more light,
Into the water with the Plummets sway;
The greater swims aloft and stands vpright,
To keepe the Line and Bayt at euen stay,
That when the Fish begins to nib and byte,
The mowing of the float doth them bewray:
These may you place vpon your Lines at will,
And stop them with a white and handsome Quill.

Hookes.

THen buy your Hookes the finest and the best
That may be had of such as vse to sell, (9)
And from the greatest to the very least
Of euery sort picke out and chuse them well,
Such as in shape and making passe the rest,
And doe for strength and soundnesse most excell;
Then in a little Boxe of dryest wood
From rust and canker keepe them faire and good

(9) I vse to make mine owne Hookes, so shall I haue
them of the best Spanish and Millane Needles, of
what sise bent or sharpnesse, and I like as I need. Soften
your needles in an hot fire in a Chafin.

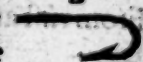




The first Booke.

The Instruments. First an hold-fast.
Secondly, an Hammer to flat the place for the beard.
Thirdly, a File to make the beard, and sharpen the point.

Fourthly, A bender: viz. A Pinne bended, put in the end of a sticke, an handfull long, thus.

When they are made lap them in the end of a wire. and beate them againe, and temper them in Oyle or Butter.

That Hooke I lone that is incompast round
Like to the print that Pegasus did make,
With horned hoofe vpon Thessalian ground;
From whence forthwith Parnassus spring out brake
That doth in pleasant waters so abound:
And of the Muses oft the thirst doth slake,
Who on his fruitfull bankes doe sit and sing,
That all the world of their sweet tunes doth ring.

(10) The best forme for ready striking and sure holding and strength, is a straight and somewhat long Shank, and straight nib'd, with a little compasse 
not round in anywise, thus  for it
neither strikes surely nor  readily but is weake
as hauing to great a compasse, some vse to batter the upper
end thus  to hold the faster: but good thred
or filke  and good band may make it fast
enough

of the secrets of Angling.

enough, it is botcherly, hinders the lusing and sometime cuts the Line.

Or as *Thaumantis*, when she list to shroud
Her selfe against the parching Sunny ray,
Vnder the mantle of some stormy cloud,
Where she her sundry colours doth display
Like *Iundes* Bird, of her faire garments proud,
That *Phæbus* gaue her on her marriage day:
Shewes forth her goodly Circle farre and wide,
To mortall wights that wonder at her pride.

His *Shank* should neither be too short nor long, (11)
His poynt not ouersharpe, nor yet too dull:
The substance good that may indure from wrong;
His Needle slender, yet both round and full,
Made of the right *Iberian* mettell strong,
That will not stretch nor breake at euery pull,
Wrought smooth and cleane withouten crack or
And bearded like the wilde *Arabian* goat. (knor

(11) He meanes the hooke may be too weake at the
poynt, it cannot be too sharpe if the mettell be good Steele.

Then let your Hooke be sure and strongly plaste
Vnto your lowest Linke with Silke or Hayre,
Which you may doe with often ouercaste,
So that you draw the Bouts together neare,

The first Booke.

And with both ends make all the other fast,
That no bare place or rising knot appeare;
Then on that Linke hang Leads of euen waight
To raise your floate, and carry downe your baite.

Thus haue you *Rod, Line, Float, and Hooke*;
The Rod to strike, when you shall thinke it fit,
The Line to leade the Fish with wary skill,
The Float and Quill to warne you of the bit,
The Hooke to hold him by the chap or gill,
Hooke, Line, and Rod, all guided to your wit.
Yet there remaines of Fishing tooles to tell,
Soms other sorts that you must haue as well.

Other Fishing Tooles.

A Little Boord, the lightest you can finde, (12)
But not so thin that it will breake or bend;
Of *Cypres* sweet, or of some other kinde.
That like a Trencher shall it selfe extend;
Made smooth & plaine, your lines thereon to wind
With Battlements at euery other end:
Like to the Bulwarke of some ancient Towne.
As well-wald *Sylehester* now razed downe.

(12) Or winds them on two or three of your fingers,
like an Orph-Arions string.

of the secrets of Angling.

A Shooe to beare the crawling Wormes therein,
With hole aboue to hang it by your side, (13)
A hollow Cane that must be light and thin,
Wherein the *Babbe* and *Palmer* shall abide,
Which must be stopped with an handsome pin,
Least out againe your baytes doe hap to slide.
A little Box that couered close shall lye,
To keepe threin the busie winged Flye.
(13) *Worme pake of Cloath, or boxes.*

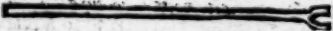
Then must you haue a Plummert, formed round,
Like to the Pellet of a birding Bow : (14)
Wherewith you may the secret'st waters sound,
And set your floate thereafter, high or low,
Till you the depth thereof haue truely found :
And on the same a twisted thrid bestow
At your owne will, to hang it on your hooke,
And so to let it downe into the Brooke.

(14) *A Plummert you need not, for your Line being well leaded and without a float, will try your depths. When the Lead about your Hooke comes to the earth, the Line will leaue sinking.*

Of Lead likewise, yet must you haue a Ring,
Whose whole Diameter in length containes (15)
Three Inches full, and fastned to a string
That must be long and sure, if need constraines :

The first Booke

Through whose round hole you shall your Angle
And let it fall into the watry plaine : (bring,
Vntill he come the weedes and stickes vnto,
From whence your hooke it serueth to vndo.

(15) *Thats good, but a forked rod about two yards
long is better, when your hooke is fastned in the water
take a rod thus fashioned* 
*and put the Line in the forke and so follow downe to your
hooke, and so letting your line be somewhat slacke, moue
your forke two and fro, especially downewards, and so
shall your hooke be loose.*

Haue Toolcs good store to serue your turne with-
Least that you happen some to loose or breake; (al
As in great waters oft it doth befall,
When that the book is nought or Line too weake.
And waxed thread, or filke, so it be small
To set them on that if you list to wreake
Your former losse, you may supply the place,
And not returne with sorrow and disgrace.

Haue twist likewise so that it be not white, (16)
Your rod to mend, or broken top to tye;
For all white colours doe the Fishes fright,
And make them from the bayte away to flye;
A File to mend your hookes, both small and light,
A good sharpe knife, your Girdle hanging by,
A Pouch

of the secrets of Angling.

A Poach with many parts and purfes thin,
To carry all your Toolles and Trynkets in.

(16) *White and gray is good answering the colours
of the Skie.*

Yet must you haue a little Rip beside,
Of willow twigs, the finest you can wish;
Which shall be made so handsome and so wide
As may containe good store of sundry Fish:
And yet with ease be hanged by you side,
To bring them home the better to your dish.
A little Net that on a Pole shall stand,
The mighty Pyke or heavy Carpe to Land.

His senerall Toolles, and what garment is fittest.

A And let your garments Russet be or gray,
Of colour darke and hardest to discry;
That with the Raine or weather will away,
And least offend the fearefull Fishes eye:
For neither Scarlet nor rich cloth of ray,
Nor colours dipt in fresh *Assyrian* dye,
Nor tender silkes, of purple, Paule, or golde,
Will serue so well to keepe off wet or colde.

In this aray the *Angler* good shall goe
Vnto the Brooke to finde his wished game;

The first Booke.

Like olde *Menalcus* wandring two and fro,
Vntill he chance to light vpon the same,
And there his art and cunning shall bestow,
For euery Fish his bayte so well to frame,
That long ere *Phæbus* set in Westerne some,
He shall returne well loaden to his home.

Obiection.

Some youthfull *Gallant* here perhaps will say,
This is no pastime for a Gentleman,
It were more fit at Cardes and Dice to play,
To vse both fence and dancing now and than,
Or walke the streets in nice and strange aray,
Or with coy phrases court his Mistris fan,
A poore delight with toyle and painfull watch,
With losse of time a silly Fish to catch.

What pleasure can it be to walke about
The fields and meades in heate or pinching cold?
And stand all day to catch a silly *Trout*,
That is not worth a teaster to be fold,
And peraduenture sometimes goe without,
Besides the toyles and troubles manifold,
And to be washt with many a showre of rayne,
Before he can returne from thence againe?

More ease it were, and more delight I trow,
In some sweet house to passe the time away,

Amongst

of the secrets of Angling.

Amongst the best, with braue and gallant show,
And with faire dames to daunce, to sport and play,
And on the board, the nimble dice to throw,
That brings in gaine, and helps the shot to pay,
And with good wine and store of dainty fare,
To feede at will and take but little care.

A worthy Answer.

I Meane not here mens errors to reprocue,
Nor doe enuie their seeming happy state;
But rather maruell why they doe not loue
An honest sport that is without debate;
Since their abused pastimes often mooue
Their mindes to anger and to mortall hate:
And as in bad delights their time they spend,
So oft it brings them to no better end.

Indeede it is a life of lesser paine,
To sit at play from noone till it be night:
And then from night till it be noone againe,
With damned oathes pronounced in despight,
For little cause and euery tittle vaine,
To curse, to brawle, to quarrell, and to fight,
To pack the Cardes, and with some cozning trick
His fellowes purse of all his coine to picke.

Or to beguile another of his Wife,
As did *Aghistis Agamemnon* serue:

The first Booke

Or as that Roman * Monarch led a life * *Nero*
To spoile and spend, while others pine and sterue,
And to compell their friends with foolish strife,
To take more drinke then will their health pre-
And to conclude, for debt or iust desert, (serue
In baser tune to sing the Counter-part,

O let me rather on the pleasant Brinke
Of *Tyne* and *Trent* possesse some dwelling place;
Where I may see my Quill and Corke downe sink,
With eager bit of *Barbell*, *Bleike*, or *Dace*:
And on the World and his Creator thinke,
While they proud *Thais* painted sheere embrace.
And with the fume of strong *Tobacco's* smoke,
All quaffing round are ready for to choke.

Let them that list these pastimes then persue,
And on their pleasing fancies feede their fill;
So I the Fields and Meadows greene may view,
And by the Riuers fresh may walke at will,
Among the *Dayzes* and the *Volets* blew:
Red *Hyacinth*, and yeallow *Daffadill*,
Purple *Narcissus*, like the morning rayes,
Pale *Ganderglas*, and azor *Culuerkayes*.

I count it better pleasure to behold
The goodly compasse of the lofty Skye,
And in the midst thereof like burting gold

of the secrets of Angling.

The flaming Chariot of the worlds great eye,
The watry cloudes that in the ayre vprold
With sundry kindes of painted collours flie:
And fayre *Aurora* lifting vp her head,
All blushing rise from old *Thetis* bed.

The hills and Mountaines raised from the Plaines;
The plaines extended leuell with the ground,
The ground deuided into sundry vaines,
The vaines inclos'd with running riuers rounde,
The riuers making way through natures chaine,
With headlong course into the sea profound:
The surging Sea beneath the valleys low,
The valleys sweet, and lakes that louely flowe.

The lofty woods, the Forrests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaues and branches fresh and Greene
In whose cool bowr's the birds with chaunting song
Doe welcom with their quire the *Summers* queene
The meadowes faire where *Flora's* guifts among,
Are intermixt the verdant grasse betweene,
The siluer skaled fish that softly swimme,
Within the brookes and Christall watry brim.

All these and many more of his creation,
That made the heauens, the *Angler* oft doth see,
And takes therein no little delectation,
To thinke how strange and wonderfull they be,
Framing

The first Booke.

Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his thoughts from other fancies free,
And whiles he lookes on these with ioyfull eye,
His minde is rapt about the starry skye.

The Author of Angling, Poeticall Fictions.

BVt how this Art of Angling did beginne,
And who the vse thereof and practise found,
How many times and ages since haue bin,
Wherein the Sunne hath dayly compast round,
The circle that the signes twice sixe are in:
And yeelded yearely comfort to the ground,
It were too hard for me to bring about,
Since *Ouid* wrote not all that story out.

Yet to content the willing Readers eare,
I will not spare the sad report to tell,
When good *Deucalion* and his *Pyrrha* deere,
Were onely left vpon the earth to dwell
Of all the rest that ouerwhelmed were
With that great Floud, that in their dayes befell,
Wherein the compasse of the World so round,
Both man & beast with waters deep were dround

Betweene themselves they wept and made great
How to repaire againe the wofull fall, (moane
Of all mankind, whereof they two alone
The remnant were, and wretched portion small,
But

of the secrets of Angling.

But any meanes or hope in them was none,
That might restore so great a losse withall,
Since they were aged and in yeares so runne,
That now almost their threed of life was spun.

Vntill at last they they saw whereas they stood
An ancient Temple, wasted and forlorne ;
Whose holy fires and sundry offerings good,
The late outrageous waues away had borne :
But when at length downe fallne was the flood,
The waters low it proudly gan to scorne.

Vnto that place they thought it best to goe,
The counsell of the *Goddeffe* there to know.

For long before that fearefull *Deluge* great,
The vniuersall Earth had ouerflowne ;
A heavenly power there placed had her seate,
And answers gaue of hidden things vnknowne.
Thither they went her fauour to entreat, (blowne,
Whose fame throughout that coast abroad was
By her aduise some way or meane to finde,
How to renew the race of humane kinde.

Prostrate they fell vpon the sacred ground,
Kissing the stones, and shedding many a teare ;
And lowly bent their aged bodies downe
Vnto the earth, with sad and heany cheare :
Praying the Saint with soft and dolefull sound,

. That

The first Booke

That she vouchsafe their humble suit to heare.
The *Goddesse* heard, and bade them goe and take,
Their mothers bones, & throw behind their back.

This *Oracle* obscure, and darke of sence,
Amazed much their mindes with feare and doubt,
What kinde of meaning might be drawne from
And how to vnderstand & finde it out, (thence;
How with so great a sin they might dispence
Their Parents bones to cast and throw about :

Thus when they had long time in studie spent,
Out of the Churnh with carefull thought they
(went,

And now beholding better euery place,
Each Hill and Dale, each Riuer, Rock, and Tree;
And mizing thereupon a little space,
They thought the Earth their mother well might
And that the stones that lay before their face, (be,
To be her bones did nothing disgrace :

Wherefore to proue if it were false or true,
The scattered stones behind their backs they
(threw.

Forthwith the stones a wondrous thing to heare,
Began to mooue as they had life conceiu'd,
And waxed greater then at first they were;
And more and more the shape of man receiu'd,
Till euery part most plainly did appeare,
That neither eye nor sence could be deceiu'd.

They

of the secretes of Angling.

They hard, they spake, they went, & walked too,
As other living men are wont to doe.

Thus was the earth replenished a new,
With people strange sprung vp with little paine,
Of whose increase the progenie that grew,
Did soone supply the empty world againe;
But now a greater care there did insue,
How such a mighty number to maintaine,
Since foode there was not any to be found,
For that great flood had all destroyd & drown'd.

Then did *Deucalion* first the Art inuent
Of *Angling*, and his people taught the same;
And to the woods and groues with them he went
Fit tooles to finde for this most needfll game;
There from the trees the longest rynds they rent,
Wherwith strong lines they roughly twist & frame
And of each crooke of hardest Bush and Brake,
They made them hookes the hungry Fish to take

And to intice them to the eager bit,
Dead frogs and flies of sundry sorts he tooke;
And snayles and wormes such as he found most fit,
Wherein to hide the close and deadly hooke:
And thus with practise and inuentiue wit,
He found the meanes in euery lake and brooke
Such store of Fish to take with little paine,
As did long time this people new sustaine.

The first Booke

In this rude sort began this simple Art,
And so remain'd in that first age of old,
When *Saturne* did *Amalthæas* horne impart
Vnto the world, that then was all of Gold;
The Fish as yet had felt but little smart,
And were to bite more eager, apt, and bold,
And plentie still supplide the place againe
Of wofull want, whereof we now complaine.

But when in time the feare and dread of man
Fell more and more on euey liuing thing,
And all the creatures of the world began
To stand in awe of this vsurping King,
Whose tyranny so farre extended than
That Earth and Seas it did in thraldome bring;
It was a worke of greater paine and skill,
The wary Fish in lake or Brooke to kill.

So worse and worse two ages more did passe,
Yet still this Art more perfect daily grew,
For then the slender Rod inuented was,
Of finer sort then former ages knew,
And hookes were made of siluer and of brasse,
And Lines of hempe and Faxe were framed new,
And sundry baytes experience found out more,
Then elder times did know or try before.

of the secretes of Angling.

But at the last the Iron age grew neere,
Of all the rest the hardest, and more scant,
Then Lines were made of Silke and subtil hayre
And Rods of lsghtest Cane and Hazell plant,
And Hookes of hardest Steele inuented were,
That neither skill nor workeman ship did want,
And so this Art did in the end attaine,
Vnto that state where now it doth remaine.

But here my weary *Muse* awhile must rest,
That is not vsed to so long a way ;
And breath, or pause a little at the least
At this Lands end, vntill another day,
And then againe, if so she thinke it best :
Our taken-taske afresh wee will assay,
And forward goe as first we did intend,
Till that we come vnto our iourneyes end.

The end of the first Booke.

The

The second Booke



The second Booke.

(fit
BEfore, I taught what kinde of tooles were
For him to haue that would an *Angler* be :
And how he should with practise & with wit
Provide himselfe thereof in best degree:
Now doth remaine to shew how to the bit
The Fishes may be brought, that earst were free;
And with what pleasing baits intis'd they are,
To swallow downe the hidden Hooke vnware:

Baites.

IT were not meeete to send a Huntsman out
Into the Woods, with Net, with Gin, or Hay;
To trace the brakes and bushes all about,
The *Stag*, the *Foxe*, or *Badger* to betray :
If hauing found his game, he stand in doubt
Which way to pitch, or where his snares to lay,
And with what traine he may entise withall
The fearefull beast into his trap to fall.

of the secrets of Angling.

So, though the *Angler* have good store of tooles,
And them with skill in finest sort can frame;
Yet when he comes to Rivers, Lakes, and Pooles;
If that he know not how to vse the same,
And with what baytes to make the fishes fooles;
He may goe home as wise as out he came,
And of his comming boast himselfe as well
As he that from his fathers Chariot fell.

Not that I take vpon me to impart
More then by others hath before beene told;
Or that the hidden secrets of this Art
I would vnto the vulger sort vnfolde,
Who peradventure for my paines desart
Would count me worthy *Balaams* horse to holde;
But onely to the willing learner show
So much thereof as may suffice to know.

But here, O *Neptune*, that with triple Mace
Dost rule the raging of the Ocean wide;
I meddle not with thy deformed race
Of monsters huge, that in those waues abide;
With that great Whale, that by three whole dayes
The man of God did in his belly hide,
And cast him out vpon the *Esau* shore,
As safe and sound as he had beene before.

The second Booke

Nor with that *Orke* that on *Cephean* strand
Would haue deuour'd *Andromeda* the faire,
Whome *Perseus* flew with strong and valiant hand
Deliuering her from danger and despair,
The *Harpooke* huge that higher then the land,
Whole streames of water spouteth in the ayre;
The *Tortoise* large that playing swims on hie,
Pretending stormes or other tempests hie.

Nor that admirer of sweet Musiques sound,
That on his backe *Alas* bore away
And brought to shore out of the Seas profound,
The *Hippotame* that like an horse doth neigh,
The *Morse*, that from the rockes inrolled round,
Within his teeth himselfe doth safe conuay,
The *Tortoise* conueyed with his targe hard,
The *Fiddlers* attended with his guard.

Nor with that Fish that beareth in his snout
A ragged Sword, his fount to poyse and kill,
Nor that fierce *Thrasar*, that doth sling about
His nimble flayle, and handles him as will,
The *Manous* *Shark*, that with the sweepings out
And filth of Ships doth stuff his belly full,
The *Albacore* that followeth night and day
The flying Fish, and takes them for his pray.

The

of the secrets of Angling.

The *Crocodile* that weepes when he doth wrong,
The *Hollibunt* that hurts the appetite,
The *Turbat* broad, the *Seale*, the *Sturgeon* strong,
The *Cod* and *Codzee*, that greedy are to bite,
The *Hake*, the *Haddocke*, and *Conger* long,
The yeallow *Lang*, the *Miswell* faire and white,
The spreading *Ray*, the *Thorneback* thin and flat,
The boysterous *Bass*, the hoggish *Tunny* fat.

These kinds of Fish that are so large of life,
And many more that here I leane vnto,
Shall goe for me, and all the rest likewise,
That are the flocke of *Watry* soldiers,
For well I thinke my *Hookes* would not suffice,
Nor slender *Lines*, the load of these to hold.
I leaue them therefore to the surging *Seas*,
In that huge depth, to wander at their ease.
And speake of such as in the fresh are found,

The little *Roach*, the *Minnow* biting fast,
The slymie *Tench*, the slender *Smelt* and round,
The *Uniber* sweet, the *Graueling* good of taste,
The wholesome *Ruffe*, the *Barbell* not so found,
The *Pearch* and *Pike* that all the rest doe waste,
The *Bream*, the *Carpe*, the *Chub* and *Chinander*,
And many more that in fresh waters are.

The second Booke

Sit then *Thalia* on some pleasant banke,
Among so many as faire *Auon* hath,
And marke the *Anglers* how they march in ranke,
Some out of *Bristoll*, some from healthfull *Bath*;
How all the *Riuers* sides along they flanke,
And through the *Meadowes* make their wonted
See how their wit & cunning they apply, (path:
To catch the *Fish* that in the waters lye,

For the Goodgion. (17)

LOe in a little Boate where one doth stand,
That to a *Willow Bough* the while is tide,
And with a pole doth stirre and raise the sand;
Whereas the gentle streame doth softly slide,
And then with slender *Line* and *Red* in hand,
The eager bit nor long he doth abide.

Well leaded is his *Line*, his *Hooke* but small,
A good big *Corke* to beare the streame withall.

(17) The *Goodgion*, hath his teeth in his throat, (as
also the *Chub*) and liues by much sucking, he is a dainty
Fish, like, or neerer as good, as the *Sparlin*,

His bait the least red worme that may be found,
And at the bottome it doth alwayes lie;
Whereat the greedy *Goodgion* bites so sound
That *Hooke* and all he swalloweth by and by:

of the secrets of Angling.

See how he strikes, and puls them vp as round
As if new store the play did still supply.
And when the bit doth dye or bad doth proue,
Then to another place he doth remoue.

This Fish the fittest for a learner is
That in this Art delights to take some pain;
For as high flying *Haukes* that often misse
The swifter foules, are eased with a traine,
So to a young beginner yeeldeth this,
Such ready sport as makes him proue againe,
And leades him on with hope and glad desire,
To greater skill, and cunning to aspire.

For the Roche.

Then see on yonder side, where one doth sit
With line well twisted, & his hooke but small;
His Corke not big, his Plummets round and fit,
His bayt of finest past, a little ball (18)
Wherewith he doth intice vnto the bit,
The carelesse *Roche*, that soone is caught withall;
Within a foote the same doth reach the ground,
And with least touch the float straight sinketh
(downe,

(18) *The Roche is one of the weauest.*

And as a skilfull Fowler that doth vse,
The flying Birds of any kinde to take,

The second Booke

The fittest and the best doth alwayes chuse,
Of many sorts a pleasing state to make,
Which if he doth perceiue they doe refuse,
And of mislike abandon and forsake,
To win their loue againe, and get their grace
Forthwith doth put another in the place.

So for the *Roche* more bates he hath beside,
As of a sheepe the thicke congealed blood,
Which on a board he vseth to deuide
In portions small, to make them fit and good,
That better on his hooke they may abide:
And of the waspe the white and tender brood,
And wormes that breed on euery hearbe & tree.
And sundry flies that quicke and liuely be.

For the Dace.

Then looke whereas that Poplar gray doth
Hard by the same where one doth closely stand
And with the winde his hooke & bayte doth throw
Amid the streame with slender hazell wand,
Whereas he sees the *Dace* themselves doe shew,
His eye is quicke, and ready is his hand.
And when the Fish doth rise to catch the baite,
He presently doth stricke, and takes her strait.

O worlds deceit! how are we thrald by thee,
That doest thy gall in sweetest pleasures hide?

When

of the secrets of Angling.

When most we thinke in happiest state to be,
Then doe we soonest into danger slide,
Behold the Fish that euen now was free,
Vnto the deadly hooke how he is tied,
So vaine delights allure vs to the snare,
Wherein yuwares we fast intangled are.

For the Carpenter.

BVt now againe, see where another stands,
And stranes his rod that double seems to bend,
Loe how he leades and guides him with his hand,
Least that his line should breake or Angle rend,
Then with a net see how at last he lands,
A mighty *Cope* and has him in the end,
So large he is of bobby scale and bone,
The rod and all had like to haue beene gone.

Marke what a line he hath, well made and strong,
Of *Romeshall*, or *Bayards* strongest bayre,
Twisted with greene or watched silke among,
Like hardest twine, that holds th'intangled Deare,
Not any force of fish will doe it wrong,
In *Tyne*, or *Trent*, or *Thames* he needs not feare,
The knots of cummylinks are knit so sure,
That many a plucke and pull they may endure.

The second Booke

His corke is large, made handsome, smoth, & fine,
The leads according, close, and fit thereto,
A good round hooke set on with silken twine,
That will not slip nor easily vndoe:

His bait great wormes that long in mosse haue bin,
When by his side he beareth in a shode:

Or paste wherewith he feedes him oft before,
That at the bottome lyes a sopte or more.

For the Chub and Trout

See where another hides himselfe as flye,
As did *Alees*, or the fearefull Deere;
Behinde a Whithy, and with a watchfull eye
Attends the bit within the water cleare,
And on the tope thereof doth moue his flye,
With skillfull hand, as if he liuing were. (19)

Loe how the Chub, the Roche, the Dace, & Trout,
To catch thereat doe gaze and swimme about.

(19) Diversly, for the Trout is a rauening Fish, and
at that time of the day comes from his hole if he come
at all.

His Rod, or Cane made darke for being seene,
The lesse to feare the wary Fish withall.

His Line well twisted is, and wrought so cleane
That being strong, yet doth it show but small,

His

of the secrets of Angling.

His Hooke not great, nor little, but betweene, (20)
That light vpon the watry brimme may fal,
The Line in length scant halfe the Rod exceeds,
And neither Corke, nor Leade thereon it needes,

(20) *The Trout makes the Angler most gentleman-
lie and readiest sport of all other fishes, if you Angle with
a made flie, and a Line twice your rods length or more
(in a plaine Water without wood) of three haire, in a
darke windy day from mid after noone, & haue learned
the cast of the Fly; your Fly must counterfait the May-
flie, which is bred of the Cod-baite, and is called the
Water flie, you must change his colour euery month, be-
ginning with a darke white and so grow to a yellow. The
forme cannot so well be put on a paper as it may be taught
by sight: yet it will be like this forme*



*The head is of blacke silke or haire. the wings of a fea-
ther of a Mallart, Teel, or peckled hen wing. The body
of cruell according to the month for colour, and run a-
bout with a blacke haire: all fastned at the tails, with
the thred that fastned the booke you must fish in, or hard
by the stream, and haue a quicke hand and a ready eye,
and a nimble rod, sticke with him or you loose him. If
the wind be rough, and trouble the crust of the Water,
hee will take it in the plaine deepes, and then, and there*

The second Booke

commonly the greatest will arise. When you have hooked him, give him leaue, keeping your Line streight; and holde him from rootes, and he will tyre himselfe. This is the chiefe pleasure of Angling. This Flye and two links among wood, or close by a bushe, moued in the craft of the mazer, is deadlye in an euening, if you come close. This is called busking for Trouts.

Cad baite is a worme bred vnder stones in a shallow Riuer, or in some out-runner of the Riuer, where the streame runnes not strongly, in a blacke shale. They stick by heapes to the low side of a great stone, lying hollow: They be ripe in the beginning of May, they are past with Iuly. they be yellow when they be ripe, and haue a blacke head. This is a deadly baite for a Trout, either a last, or at the ground, if your tooles be fine and you come close: for the Trout of all other Fish, is most afraid with sight. And indeed it would be considered, that Fish are afraid of any extraordinary motion or sight of what colour soeuer, except the Pike, which will lye open in your sight, on a Sunne-shine day till you halter him.

The Trout will take also the worme Menise, or any baits: so will the Pike, saue that he will not take the Fly.

For the Trout and Ecce.

Now see some standing where the streame doth
With headlóg course behind the sturdy weere
That

of the secrets of Angling.

That ouerthwart the riuer, like a wall, (21)
The water stops, and strongly vp doth beare,
And at the Tayles of Mills and Arches smalt,
Whereas the shoote is swift and not too cleare,
The lines in length not twice aboue an ell,
But with good store of lead and twisted well

(21) The Ecle.

THere be diuers wayes to catch the wrinkling Ecle,
your Line must be stronger sixe or seauen haire
and your hooke according, for she must upon the hooking
presently be drawne forth with force, other wise she fastens
her selfe with her taile about a roote or stone or such like,
and so you lose your labour, your hooke and the Fish.
The warme or menise, is her common baite.

There is a way to catch Ecles by bragling thus; take
a Rod small and rough of Sallow, Hasell or such like, a
yard long as big as a beane stalke; in the small end there
of make a nick or cleft with a knife, in which nick put your
strong (but a little) hooke baited with a red worme, and
made sure to a line of tenne or twelue good haire, and but
caslie, that the Ecle may pull it out and goe into some
shallow place of the Riuer among the great stones, and
braggle vp and down till you finde holes vnder the stones,
and there put in your hooke so baited, with your Roddes
ende, and the Ecle vnder the stone will not faile to take
your Hooke: giue her time to put it ouer, and then
if

The second Booke

if your strength will serue, shee is your owne.

There is a third vsuall way to catch Eeles, called Bobbing. Vpon a long and double strong thred, two yerds long, or there abouts, speet so many great red Wormes (gotten in Summers euening with a Candle) as the thred will hold lengthway thorowe the middest. And linke them about your hand like a Rope: thus, and fasten

these to a long
goads end with



a cord as long as your Rod, and a great plummet of Lead an handfull aboue the Bob. And in a troubled or floodded River, in a deepe tane, or by a streames side, let it fall within a hand breadth of the ground, & then shall you sensibly feele a multitude of Eeles, all in that pit, like so many dogs at a carion, tugge and pul, now at your good time, when you thinke that euery Eele hath got a linke and swallowed it up: (like so many Ducks the intralles of a Pullet.) draw up very easily, and they will follow working and pulling, till you haue them neere the crust, and then a maine, hoist them to land, this is the readiest way where Eeles are plentiful to catch many

For the Trout, you shall finde in the roots of a great docke, a white worme with a red head, with this fish for a Trout at the ground.

Round handsome hookes that will not breake nor
The big red worm, well scowred, is their bait, (bend

Which

of the secretes of Angling.

Which downe vnto the bottome doth descend,
Whereas the *TROUT* and *Eele* doth lye in waite,
And to their feeding busily intend,
Which when they see they snatch & swallow strait.
Vpon their lines is neither *Corke* nor *Quill*,
But when they feele them pluck then strike they
(Still.

For the Semant and Flounder.

BEhold some others ranged all along,
To take the *Semants* yea the *Flounder* sweet,
That to the bancke in deepest places throng,
To shun the swifter streame that runnes so fleet,
And lye and feed the brakish waues among,
Whereas the waters fresh and salt doe meet:
And there the *Eele* and *Shad* sometimes is caught
That with the tide into the brooks are brought.

But by the way it shall not be amisse,
To vnderstand that in the waters gray,
Of floating Fish, two sundry kindes there is,
The one that liues by rauen and by pray,
And of the weaker sort, now that, now this,
He bites, and spoiles, and kils, and beare away,
And in his greedy gullet doth deuoure,
As *Scyllas* gulfe, a Ship within his power.

And these haue wider mouthes to catch and take
Their flying pray, whom swiftly they persue,

And

The second Booke

And rowes of teeth like to a saw or rake,
Wherewith their gotten game they bite and chew;
And greater speede within the waters make,
To set vpon the other simple crew,
And as the Grayhound steales vpon the hare,
So doe they vse to rush on them vnware.

Vuequall Fate, that some are borne to bee
Fearefull and milde, and for the rest a pray,
And others are ordain'd to liue more free
Without controule or danger any way:
So doth the Foxe the Lambe destroy we see,
The *Lyn* fierce, the *Bower*, *Roe*, or *Gray*,
The *Hauke* the fowle, the greater wrong the lesse
The lofty proud, the lowly poore oppresse.

For the Pike or Tench.

N Ow for to take this kinde of Fish withall, (*)
It shall be needfull to haue still in store,
Some liuing baits as *Bleske*, and *Roches* smelt,
Goodgion, or *Eel*, not taken long before,
Or yealow *Frogges*, that in the waters craule,
But all aliue they must be euermore,

For as for baits that dead and dull doe lye,
They least esteeme and set but little by.

(*) A young *Whelp* *Karl*, or such like, is good
baite for a *Luce*.

But

of the secretes of Angling.

But take good heed your line be sure and strong,
The knots well knit, and of the foundest haire;
Twisted with some well coloured silke among,
And that you haue no need your Rod to feare;
For these great Fish will strine and strugle long,
Rod, Line and all into the streame to beare;
And that your hooke be not too small & weak,
Least that it chanceth to stretch, or hap to breake.

And as in *Arden* or the mountaines hoare,
Of *Appennine* or craggy *Alps* among,
The mastifes fierce that hunt the bristled Boare,
Are harnised with *Curats* light and strong,
So for these Fish, your line a foote or more,
Must armed be with thinnest plate along,
Or slender wyre well fastned thereunto,
That will not slip nor easily endoe.

The other kinde that are vnlike to these
Doe liue by come or any other fode:
Sometimes by crummes of bread, of paste, or cheese
Or grasshoppers that in greene meadowes breed,
With brood of waspes, of hornets, doares, of bees
Lipberries from the bryar bush or weede,
Bloud wormes, and snayles, or crawling Tentiles
And buzzing flies that on the waters fall, (small,

The second Booke

All these are good, and many others more,
To make fit baites, to take these kinde of Fish;
So that some faire deepe place you seeke before,
A day or two, with pail, with bole, or dish;
And of these meats doe vse to throw in store,
Then shal you haue them baite as you would wish:
And ready spott to take your pleasure still,
Of any sort that best you like to kill.

Thus seruing them as often as you may,
But once a weeke at least it must be done,
If that to bite they make too long delay,
As by your sport may be perceiued soone:
Then some great Fish doth feare the rest away,
Whose fellowship and companie they shunne:
Who neither in the baite doth take delight,
Nor yet will suffer them that would to bite.

For this you must a remedie provide,
Some *Roche* or *Blaire*, as I haue shew'd before,
Beneath whose vpper fin you close shall hide
Of all your hooke the better halfe and more,
And though the point appeare or may be spide,
It makes no matter any whit therefore:
But let him fall into the watry brimme,
And downe vnto the bottome softly swimme.

And

of the secrets of Angling.

And when you see your Corke begin to moue,
And round about to fore and fetch a ring,
Sometime to sinke, and sometime swimme about,
As doth the Ducke within the watry spring,
Yet make no hast your present hap to proue,
Till with your float at last away he fling.
Then may you safely strike and hold him short,
And at your will prolong or end your sport.

But euery Fish loues not each bayte alike,
Although sometimes they feede vpon the same;
But some doe one, and some another seeke,
As best ynto their appetite doth frame,
The Roch, the Bream, the Carp, the Chub, and Blanke
With paste or Come their greedy hunger tame,
The Dace, the Ruffe, the Googian and the rest
The smallest sort of crawling wormes loue best.

The Casander and Chub doe more delight
To feed on tender Cheeser or Cherries red,
Blacked snayles their bellies slit to shew their white
Or Grasshoppers that skip in euery Meade,
The Roach, the Tench, and Eel doe rather bite
At great red wormes, in Field or Garden bred,
That haue beene scow'r'd in mosse or fenell rough
To rid their fish, and make them hard & tough.

The second Booke

And with this bayte hath often taken bin
The *Salmon* faire of River fresh the best;
The *Shad* that in the Spring time commeth in,
The *Smaut* swift, that is not set by least,
The *Bocher* sweet, the pleasant *Flounder* thin,
The *Peele*, the *Tweat*, the *Barling*, and the rest;
With many more that in the deepe doth lye
Of *Auon*, *Uike*, of *Senerue*, and of *Wye*.

Alike they bite, alike they pull downe low
The sinking Corke that strues to rise againe,
And when they feele the sudden deadly blow,
Alike they shunne the danger and the paine:
And as an arrow from the *Scherer* bow,
All flye alike into the freaine anaine,
Vntill the *Angler* by his wary skill,
There tyres them out, and brings them vp at wil

Yet furthermore it doth behoue to know,
That for the most part Fish doe seeke their foode
Vpon the ground, or deepest bottome low,
Or at the top of water streame, or flood
And so you must your hooke and bayte bestow,
For in the midst you shall doe little good,
For heauie things downe to the bottome fall,
And light doe swim, and seldome sinke at all,

of the secrets of Angling.

All Summer long aloft the fishes swimme,
Delighted with faire *Phœbus* shining ray,
And lye in wayte within the waters dimme
For flies and gnats that on the top doe play,
Then halfe a yard beneath the vpper brimme
It shall be best your bayted hooke to lay,
With gnat or fly of any sort or kinde,
That euery Month on leaues or Trees you finde.

But when your Line must haue no lead at all,
And but a slender Corke, or little Quill,
To stay the bayte that downe it doe not fall,
But hang a Linke within the water still,
Or else vpon the top thereof you shall
With quicker hand, and with more ready skill
Let fall your flye, and now and then remoue,
Which soone the Fish will find and better loue.

And in the streame likewise they vse to be
At tailes of floudyares, or at Arches wide;
Or shallow flats, whereas the waters free
With fresher springs and swifter course doe slide:
And then of Waspe, the brood that cannot flye
Vpon a Tyle-stone first a little dried,
Or yealow hobs turnd vp before the Polugh,
Are chiefeest Baytes, with Corke & Lead enough.

The second Booke

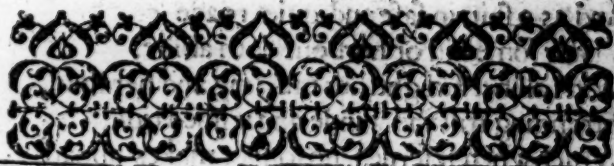
But when the golden Chariot of the Sunne,
Departing from our Northren countries farre
Beyond the ballance, now his course hath runne;
And goes to warme the cold *Antarcticq* starre,
And Summers heat is almost spent and done.
With new approach of Winters dreadfull warre:
Then doe the Fish withdraw into the deepe,
And low from sight and cold more close doe
(keepe,

Then on your Lines you may haue store of Lead,
And bigger Corkes of any size you will,
And where the Fish are vsed to be fed
There shall you lay vpon the bottom still;
And whether that your bayte be Corne, or bread,
Or wormes, or Paste, it doth not greatly skill,
For these alone are to be vsed then,
Vntill the spring or sommer come againe.

Thus haue I shew'd how Fish of diuers kinde
Best taken are, and how their baytes to know;
But *Phaëus* now beyond the Vesterne *Inde*;
Beginneth to descend and draweth low,
And well the weather serues and gentle winde
Downe with the tide and pleasant streame to row
Vnto some place where wenia rest vs in,
Vntill we shall another time begin,

The end of the second Booke.

The



The third Booke.

Now falls it out in order to declare,
What time is best to *Angle* in aright;
And when the chiefe & fittest seasons are
Wherein the fish are most dispos'd to bite
What wind doth make, & which againe doth mar
The *Anglers* sport, wherein he takes delight,
And how he may with pleasure best aspire,
Vnto the wished end of his desire.

For there are times in which they will not bite
But doe forbear and from their food refraine;
And dayes there are wherein they more delight
To labour for the same and bite amaine:
So, he that can those seasons finde aright
Shall not repent his trauell spent in vaine,
To walke a mile or two amidst the fields,
Reaping the fruits this harmlesse pleasure yeelds

The third Booke

And as a ship in safe and quiet roade
Vnder some hill or harbour doth abide,
With all her freight, her tackling and her load,
Attending still the winde and wished tide,
Which when it serues, no longer makes aboard,
But forth into the watry deepe doth slide,
And through the wanes deuides her fairest way
Vnto the place where she intends to stay,

So must the *Angler* be prouided still,
Of diuers tooles and sundry baytes in store;
And all things else pertaining to his skill,
Which he shall get and lay vp long before,
That when the weather frameth to his will,
Hee may be well appoynted euermore
To take fit time when it is offered euer,
For time in one estate abideth neuer.

The qualities of an Angler.

BVt ere I further goe, it shall behoue
To show what gifts and qualities of minde
Belongs to him that doth this pastime loue;
And what the vertues are of euery kinde
Without the which it were in vaine to prooue,
Or to expect the pleasure he should finde,
No more then he that hauing store of meate
Hath lost all lust and appetite to eate.

of the secrets of Angling.

For what auailes to Brooke or Lake to goe,
With handsome Rods and Hookes of diuers sort,
Well twisted Lines, and many trynkets more,
To find the Fish within their watry forte,
If that the minde be not contented so,
But wants those gifts that should the rest support,
And make his pleasure to his thoughts agree,
With these therefore he must endued bee.

The first is Faith, not vauering and vnstable,
But such as had that holy * Patriarch old, * Abraham
That to the highest was so acceptable
As his increase and of-spring many folde
Exceeded farre the starres innumerable,
So must he still a firme perswasion holde,
That were as waters, brooke & lakes are found,
There store of Fish without all doubt abound.

For nature that hath made no emptie thing,
But all her workes doth well and wisely frame,
Hath fild each Brooke, each Riuer, Lake and spring
With creatures, apt to liue amidst the same,
Euen as the earth, the ayre, and Seas doe bring
Fourth Beastes, and Birds of sundry sort and name
And giuen them shape, ability and sence,
To liue and dwell therein without offence.

The third Booke

The second gift and qualitie is Hope,
The Anchor holde of euerie hard desire,
That hauing of the day so large a scope,
He shall in time to wished hap aspire,
And ere the Sunne hath left the heavenly cope
Obtaine the sport and game he doth desire,
And that the Fish though sometime slow to bite
Will recompence delay with more delight.

The third is loue, and liking to the game,
And to his friend and neighbour dwelling by;
Not greedy pleasure not to spoyle the same,
Nor of his Fish some portion to deny
To any that are sickly, weake, or lame,
But rather with his Line and Angle try
In Pond or Brooke, to doe what in him lyes,
To take such store for them as may suffice.

Then followeth Patience, that the furious flame
Of Choller cooles, and Passion puts to flight,
As doth a skilfull rider breake and tame
The Courser wilde, and teach him tread aright:
So patience doth the minde dispose and frame,
To take mishaps in worth, and count them light,
As losse of Fish, Line, Hooke, or Lead, or all,
Or other chance that often may befall.

The

of the secrets of Angling.

The fift good guift is low humilitie,
As when a Lyon coucheth for his pray
So must he stoope or kneele vpon his knee,
To saue his line or put the weedes away,
Or lye along sometime if need there be,
For any let or chance that happen may,
And not to scorne to take a little paine,
To serue his turne his pleasure to obtaine.

The sixt is painefull strength and courage good,
The greatest to incounter in the Brooke,
If that he happen in his angry mood,
To snatch your bzyt, and beare away your hooke,
With wary skill to rule him in the flood,
Vntill more quiet, tame, and milde he looke,
And all aduentures constantly to heare,
That may betide without mistrust or feare.

Next vnto this is Liberalitie,
Feeding them oft with full and plentious hand,
Of all the rest a needfull qualitie.
To draw them neere the place where you will stand
Like to the ancient hospitalitie,
That sometime dwelt in *Albions* fertile land,
But now is sent away into exile,
Beyond the bounds of *Isabellas* Ile.

The third Booke

The eight is knowledge how to finde the way
To make them bite when they are dule and slow,
And what doth let the same and breedes delay,
And enery like impediment to know,
That keepses them from their foode & wanted pray
Within the streame, or standing waters low,
And with experience skilfully to proue,
All other faults to mend or to remoune.

The ninth is placability of minde,
Contented with a reasonable dish,
Yea though sometime no sport at all he finde,
Or that the weather proue not to his wish.
The tenth is thanks to that God, of each kinde,
To net and bait doth send both Fowle and Fish,
And still reserues enough in secret store,
To please the rich, and to relecue the poore.

The eleuenth good guist and hardest to indure,
Is fasting long from all superfluous fare,
Vnto the which he must himselfe inure,
By exercise and vse of dyet spare,
And with the liquor of the waters pure,
Acquaint himselfe if he cannot forbear,
And neuer on his greedy belly thinke,
From rising Sunne vntill a low he sincke.

of the secrets of Angling.

The twelfth and last of all is memory,
Remembring well before he setteth out,
Each needfull thing that he must occupy,
And not to stand of any want in doubt,
Or leaue something behinde forgetfully :
When he hath walkt the fields and brookes about,
It were a grieve backe to returne againe,
For things forgot that should his sport main-
(taine.

Here then you see what kinde of qualities,
An *Angler* should indued be with all,
Besides his skill and other properties,
To serue his turne as to his lot doth fall :
But now what season for this exercise,
The fittest is and which doth serue but small,
My Muse vouchsafe some little ayde to lend,
To bring this also to the wished end.

Season and time not to Angle.

First, if the weather be to dry and hot,
And scalds with scorching heat the lowly plain,
As if that youthfull *Phaeton* had got,
The guiding of his Fathers Carre againe,
Or that it seem'd *Apollo* had forgot
His light foote steedes to rule with stedfast raine,
It is not good with any line or Hooke,
To Angle then in Riuer, Pond, or Brooke.

The third Booke

Or when cold *Boreas* with his frosty beard,
Lookes out from vnderneath the lesser Beare,
And makes the weary trauailer afeard,
To see the valleyes couered euery where
With Ice and Snow, that late so greene appear'd,
The waters stand as if of Steele they were;
And hoary frosts doe hang on euery bough;
Where freshest leaues of summer late did grow.

So neither if *Don. Aolus* lets goe, (23)
His blustering windes out of the hollow deepe,
Where he their strife and struggling to and fro
With triple forke doth still in order keepe,
They rushing forth doe rage with tempests so,
As if they would the world together sweepe,
And ruffling so with sturdy blasts they blow,
The tree and house sometimes they ouerthrow.

(23) *The stronger the winde blowes (so you may abide
is, and guide your sooles) and the colder the Sommer
dayes is, the better will they bite, and the closer shall you
come to them.*

Besides when shepheard and the swaines prepare,
Vnto the Brookes with all their flockes of sheepe,
To wash their fleeces and to make them faire, (24)
In euery poole and running water deepe,

The

of the secretes of Angling.

The sauour of the wooll doth so impaire,
The pleasant streames, & plunging that they keepe
As if that *Lethe*-flood ran euery where,
Or bitter *Doris* intermingled were.

(24.) *I rather thinke the kades and other fish that
fals from the ships doe so glut the fish, that they will not
take any artificiall bayte. The same is the reason of the
Flood, washing downe wormes, flies, Frog-clocks, &c.*

Or when land floods through long & sudden rains
Discending from the hils and higher ground,
The sand and mud the christall streames doe staine
And make them rise aboue their wonted bound,
To ouerflow the fields and neighbour plaine,
The fruitfull soyle and Meadowes faire are drown'd
The husbandman doth leese his grasse and hay,
The bankes their trees, and bridges borne away.

So when the leaues begin to fall apace,
And bough and branch are naked to be seene,
While nature doth her former worke deface,
Vnclothing bush, and tree, of summers greene,
Whose scattered spoyle lie thicke in euery place,
As sands on shore or starres the pooles betweene,
And top and bottome of the riuers fill,
To Angle then I also thinke it ill.

The third Booke

All windes are hurtfull if too hard they blow, (25)
The worst of all is that out of the East,
Whose nature makes the Fish to biting flow,
And lets the pastime most of all the rest,
The next that comes from countries cold with
And Aricq pole is not offensive least, (Snow,
The Southerne winde is counted best of all,
Then, that which riseth where the sunne doth fall.

(25) *I finde no difference of winds except too cold
or too hot, which is not the winde but the season.*

Best time and season to Angle,

BUt if the weather stedfast be and cleare, (26)
Or ouercast with clouds, so it be dry,
And that no signe nor token there appeare,
Of threatning storme through all the empty skie,
But that the ayre is clame and void of feare,
Of ruffling windes or raging tempests hie,
Or that with milde and gentle gale they blow,
Then is it good vnto the brooke to goe,

(26) *Cleare cannot be good, by reason of the offen-
sive fogs.*

And when the fouds are fall'n and past away,
And carryed haue the dregges into this deepe,

And

of the secretes of Angling.

And that the waters waxe more thin and gray,
And leaue their bankes about them high & steepe,
The milder streame of colour like to whay,
Within his bounds his wonted course doth keepe,
And that the winde is South or else by-west,
To Angle then is time and seasons best.

When faire *Aurora* rising early shewes
Her blushing face beyond the Easterne hills,
And dyes the heavenly vault with purple rewes,
That farre abroad the world with brightnes fills,
The Meadows greene are hoare with siluer dewes
That on the earth the sable night distills,
And chanting birds with merry notes bewray
The neere approching of the chearefull day.

(27). *The morning can no way be good because all
Fish haue bene at reliefe, all the night, as all other
wilde creatures. And on the day they rest or sport in
the evening is the fittest, then hunger begins to bite.*

Then let him goe to Riuer, Brooke, or Lake,
That leaues the sport, where store of fish abound,
And through the pleasant fields his iourney make,
Amidst sweet Pastures, Meadows fresh and sound,
Where he may best his choyce of pastime take,
While swift *Hyperion* runnes his circle round,
And as the place shall to his liking proue,
There still remaine, or further else remoue.

The third Booke

To know each Fishes haunt.

NOW that the *Angler* may the better know
Where he may finde each fish he doth re-
Since some delight in waters still and slow, (quire,
And some doe loue the Mud and slimy mire;
Some others where the streame doth swifter flow,
Some stoney ground, and grauell some desire,
Here shall he learne how euery sort doe seeke,
To haunt the Payre that doth his nature like.

Carp, *Eele*, and *Tench*, doe loue a muddie ground,
Eeles vnder stones or hollow rootes doe lye;
The *Tench* among thicke weeds is soonest found,
The fearefull *Carp* into the deepe doth flie,
Bream, *Chub* and *Pike*, where clay & sand abound
Pike loncs great pooles, and places full of frie:
The *Chub* delights in streame or shadie tree,
And tender *Bream* in broadest lake to be.

The *Salmon* swift the Riuers sweet doth like,
Where largest streames into the Sea are led;
The spotted *Trout* the smaller Brookes doth seeke,
And in the deepest hole there hides his head:

The

of the secrets of Angling.

The prickled *Pearch* in euery hollow creeke,
Hard by the Banke, and sandy shore is fed,
Pearch, Trout, and *Salmon* loue cleere waters all,
Greene weedy rockes, and stony gravel full.

(28) *The Trout* lies in the deepe, but feedes in the
streame, under a bush, bray, fenne, or

So doth the *Bulhead*, *Goodgion* and the *Loache*,
Who most in shallow Brookes delight to be,
The *Ruffe*, the *Dace*, the *Barbell* and the *Rout*,
Grauell and sand doe loue in lesse degree,
But to the deepe and shade doe more approach,
And ouerhead some couert loue to see,
Of spreading *Paplar*, *Oake* or *Willow* greene,
Where vnderneath they lurke for being seene.

The mighty *Luce* great waters haunts alway,
And in the stillest place thereof doth lye,
Saue when he rangeth forth to seeke his pray,
And swift among the fearefull fisl doth flye,
The dainty *Humber* loues the marley clay,
And cleere streames of champion country hye,
And in the chiefeest pooles thereof doth rest,
Where he is soonest found and taken best.

The second Booke

The *Chauender* amidst the waters fayre,
In swiftest *Streames* doth most himselfe bestow,
The *Shad* and *Tweate* doe rather like the laire,
Of brackish waues, where it doth ebbe and flow,
And thither also doth the flocke repaire,
And flat vpon the bottom lyeth low,
The *Peele*, the *Mullet*, and the *Suam* good
Doe like the same, and therein seeke their food.

But here experience doth my skill exceed,
Since diuers Countries diuers Riuer haue;
And diuers Riuer change of waters breed
And change of waters sundry Fish doe craue,
And sundry Fish in diuers places feede,
As best doth like them in the liquid waue,
So that by vse and practise may be knowne.
More then by art or skill can well be shown.

So then it shall be needlesse to declare,
What sundry kindes there lie in secret store,
And where they doe resort, and what they are,
That may be still discouered more and more:
Let him that list no paine nor trauell spare
To seeke them out, as I haue done before,
And then it shall not discontent his minde,
New choyce of place, and change of game to find.

The

of the secrets of Angling.

The best houres of the day to Angle,

From first appearing of the rising Sun, *vid:* (17)
Till nine of clocke low vnder water best
The Fish will bite, and then from nine to noone,
From noone to foure they doe refraine and rest,
From foure againe till *Phobus* swift hath runne,
His daily course; and setteth in the West:
But at the flye aloft they vse to bite,
All sommer long from nine till it be night,

Now leaſt the *Angler* leaue his Toolles behinde,
For lacke of heed or haſt of his deſire,
And ſo inforced with vnwilling minde,
Muſt leaue his game and backe againe retire,
Such things to fetch as there he cannot finde
To ſerue his turne when need ſhall moſt require,
Here ſhall he haue to helpe his memory,
A leſſon ſhort of enery wants ſupply.

Light Rod to ſtrike, long line to reach withall,
Stronge hooke to holde the fiſh he haps to hit,
Spare lines and Hookes, what euer chance doe fall,
Baites quick and dead to bring them to the bite,
Fine Lead & Quils with Corks both great & ſmall
Knife, File and thred, and little Basket fir,

The third Booke

Plummers to sound the depth of clay and sand,
With Pole and net to bring them safe to Land.

And now we are arriued at the last,
In wished harbour where we meane to rest;
And make an end of this our iourney past:
Here then in quiet roade I thinke it best
We strike our sailes and stedfast Anchor cast
For now the Sunne low setteth in the West,
And yee *Boat-Swaine*, a merry *Carroll* sing,
To him that safely did vs hither bring.

FINIS.





Wouldst thou catch Fish?

Then here's thy wish;

Take this receipt;

To annoynt thy Baite,

THou that desirest to fish with line and Hook;
Be it in poole, in River, or in Brooke,
To blisse thy baite, and make the Fish to bite:
Loe here's a meanes, if thou canst hit it right,
Take Gum of life, fine beat, and laid to soake (39)
In Oyle, wel drawne from that which kills the Oak
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt haue sport thy fill,
When twenty faile, thou shalt be sure to kill: (30)

Probatum.

It's perfect and good,

If well understood;

Else not to be tolde

For Silver or Golde.

R.R.

The third Booke

(29) I have heard much of an oymment that will perfectly cause any Fish to bite, but I could never attain the knowledge thereof, the nearest in mine opinion (except this Probatum) is the oyle of an Ospraye, which is called *Aquila marina*: the Sea Eagle. She is of body neare the bignesse of a goose, one of her feete is web'd to swimme withall, the other hath talents to catch fish. It seemes the Fish come up to her, for she cannot dive.

Some likelihood there is also in a paste made of *Coculus Indie*, *Alfa fatida*, honnie and wheate flower, but I neuer tride them, therefore I cannot prescribe.

(30) That which kills the Oake, I coniecture to be true, till I change my minde.

This excellent receipt you may buy ready and truely made, at the Signe of the blacke Lyon in Apothecaries in Paules Churchyard neare the great South dore.

Certaine

Certaine obseruations for- gotten.

Cheuan and Chub are one.

The { Shottrell, 1 yeare,
Pickerell, 2 yeare,
Pike 3 yeare,
Luce 4 yeare, } are one.

The Summer, May, Iune, and Iuly are fittest for
Angling.

Fish are the fatteest in Iuly.

Fish commonly spawne at Michaeltide.

After spawning they be kipper and out of season.

They thrust up little Brooks to spawne, the Trout and
Salmon will haue lying on their backs.

All the Summer time great Fish goe downe-wards to
daupes.

Barre netting and night hooking, where you loue Ang-
ling.

When you Angle at ground, your line must be no longer
then your Rod.

He that is more greedy of Fish than sport, let him
haue three or foure angles fisted and baited, and land
in seuerall pooles, you shall sometimes haue them all
sped at once.

If you goe forth in, or immediately after a shower, and
take the water in the first rising, & fish in the streame
at ground with a red worrie, you may load your selfe

The third Booke

If there be store. Thus may any botcher kill Fish.

For want of a panger, speet you Fish by the gills on a small wicker, or such like.

I use a pouch of parchment with many severall places to put mine books and Lines in.

I use a Rod of two parts, to ioine in the middlest when I come to the river, with two pins & a little hempo waxed thus the pinnes ioine it, the hempo fastens it firmly.

A Whale-bone made round & bigger then a wheats-traw at the top, yeelds well, and strikes well.

Let your Rod be without knots: they are dangerous for breaking, and boughts are troublesome.

Keepe your rod neither too drye nor too moist, least they grow brittle, or rotten.

When you angle in drought, wet your rod, it will not breake so soone.

You shall hardly get a rod of one peece, but eyther crookt, or top heavy, or unequally grown.

Enterprise no mans ground without leave, breake no mans hedge to his lasse.

Pray to God with your heart to blesse
your lawfull exercise.

FINIS.

